Writing this book has left me in a puddle... it’s not a story, so much as a first hand account from someone who who loves the girl, the story, and wants to tell it… my face feels like it's covered in egg whites... so be warned… It’s not Hollywood… it’s Festus, MO. … and I can't describe why I love her any more accurately than this crazy chapter. And the extended ten year period of angst, drama… and ultimately a love for the ages… she would love that description... “a love for the ages"... She co-opted little phrases like that and they would become hers. I can hear her telling a friend or her mom, “it reminds me of Sean and I. It’s like we have a love for the ages"…

https://linksharing.samsungcloud.com/bR4b9KLaK2t8

It was winter and approaching spring of 2010.

I thought we had started something and maybe we had... But I was still seeing other girls. Maybe I should have just told her that I wanted to be with her, but I honestly couldn’t tell if that was what she wanted. She was always frustrating me, and then making up for it and after a few more songs and a few more nights together…. She disappeared again.

I heard from her a a month down the line... she again apologized and told me she had been seeing this guy, who she really liked. That he just kind of pushed his way into her life. She said he was just a distraction. She wanted to see me and do a recording.

I didn’t know how to take it. I had just started to take her seriously again. I wondered what I was to her. But I was still dating other girls and she knew it... so I couldn’t really say anything.

I showed up to her house in the early evening and she had the recording gear out. She said “You wanna hear something funny?”

I said “sure!”

“It’s a song Tony wrote for me. You have nothing to worry about, by the way! He’s horrible!”

I felt bad, though. I hadn’t really ever written her a song. I wondered when I could have ever done it? When were we ever serious enough that I would have the chance to write her one? And what would it say? I secretly love you and would like you to stop screwing up our relationship long enough so I can decide if we will ever have a future? Not very lyrical... OR romantic! Well... she’d probably have thought so... the little tomboy… missed opportunity, I guess.

She started the recording and I heard the dudes' voice. Low, and croaky… with "that sound"… the sound of the earthy people at the bar… the teamsters… the uneducated, half asleep, half yawning sound of a slack jawed, lazy tongued, simp, 6 beers deep into a case… sure, I was a bit biased!!

"I love you Kari"... ugh... what the fuck... and in the background I heard "I love you Tony"... and my heart sank and then turned inside out... and I could feel myself shrivel... Then the song started... and like she said, it was horrid. I could have written her a better song the night we met. I could have made up a better one on the spot. I could have grunted a better song while we were DOIN IT!

It was trite, badly sung, with that totally untrained, hapless guttural, low, churl, to make the truly uninspired lyrics and melody completely appropriate. …he was indeed horrible. Nothing to worry about there… but the way the song started… it got to me. I must have looked like I saw a ghost.

As the song played, I listened and my mind was racing. So that's it. She just brought me here to tell me she's in love with this guy. I lost my chance. She found someone and she's going to put me back in the friend zone. What could I have done? She was a train wreck until recently. I just wanted a few weeks of normal before I decided if I-…

"So you see!? He's terrible! Hey... are you ok?"

"Um... yea."

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing... I just... I feel bad I never wrote you a song... and..."

"You're upset about the beginning, aren't you?"

"You said you loved him..."

"Sean! You know me! I just met the guy! He's so pushy. I couldn't not say it... he would have freaked out. You know me! I don't love anyone!"

"You loved Ned"...

"Yea... I did... But Ned died... and that part of me died. So you're really upset?"

"Yea... what do you think? We've known each other for years and I hear this guy telling you he loves you after a few weeks... I've been your friend, your lover... I've saved your life... I.. ugh... I'm sorry. Let's just have fun. I shouldn't let it bother me."

"Maybe I should be the one that's bothered Sean. I'm sorry. I forget you're not like me. You're not damaged like me. You feel things more. I just got my feelings back... and I gotta tell you they're overrated!"

"I don't think they are"...

"You're a sweetheart, that's why. Tell you what. Let's do this song, and we'll have a night like we used to have. This guy means nothing to me. You mean ten times

what he does. He just flattered me. He’s a good looking guy! And he was very persuasive! Downright pushy!”

“Please! You’re killing me!”

“Ah! Sorry... come on. Tonight is just for us. You deserve it!”

We started working on a song like the other ones, about her recovery from drugs, she had some ideas, but the lyrics were coming slow and they sounded trite. “I seem to have an addiction” hmm... I told her “since this is my night, can we do something sexy? Something rockin?”

“You’re still jealous about that song, aren’t you?”

“Yea... a little. I want to write a song about us. I feel bad that I never wrote you one. Maybe we can write one. Maybe you could have an addiction to ME!”

“That’s pretty cool. People have sex addictions... and we do rock THAT!”

“Baby-baby, you KNOW how to rock it!”

She wrote that down... “Keep goin! I have ‘I seem to have an addiction to you, baby baby, you know how to rock it”

“Haha... so we’re going to do a song about drugs, but I get to be the drug?”

“Sure! Why not?? Sex, drugs and rock n roll... all in one song! Has that been done?”

I thought about it. “uhh.. umm.. no?? no!”

She sang, “I seem to have an addiction to you, your loves in my brain and there’s nothing I can do!”

“VEINS! You’re love’s in my VEINS!!”

“ooh... that’s hot... and kind of a turn on... See!? This is why I do this with you! No one’s ever written THAT before!”

“Nope... that’s hot!... and nasty!... I can’t wait to SHOOT you up!”

“Hahahah... Mister Sean! That’s pretty hot!”

“We’re making lyrics... it’s allowed!”

“You never talk dirty! You should do that more!”

“Well... I would do it more, if we saw each other more”...

“Fair enough. We’ll start seeing each other more. I miss you. I do. I guess I didn’t know you were a normal guy. I thought you were too cool to have needs...”

“Only fools have needs! But this one never begs!”

“OOH!... writing that down...”

“That’s actually a lyric by Pete Townsend... But let me think about us... OH!... I don’t wanna close my eyes, I know when I wake up, you’ll be gone”

“Aww... that IS me... It’s true... hmm... how bout You run your hand down my thigh, feels so right it must be wrong!”

“GREAT!... What else do I do?”

“Hmm... OH! When you open your mouth,... poetry comes out, and I’m fallin for every line!”

“That’s so hot, baby!”

“A hot mess! haha”

“We’re just a hot mess!”

“YEA! We’re just a hot mess, but together we... DO JUST FINE!”

“And then the CHORUS... That’s good for a start. Let’s put down the chords and we’ll write the rest when we get a scratch track down. I’m excited! This is gonna rock!”

“Can we do this one heavy?? I mean... we’ve done everything else. Let’s do something heavy... raunchy... HARD! Like almost METAL!”

“I’m way ahead of you!”

We knocked the track out in record time. I laid down the drums, then the bass, then the guitar... it was all the basic guitar riffs and drum riffs I learned when I first started guitar, but it had that sound... that perfect head banging quality that those obvious chord changes have... and it seemed to write itself. She watched me assemble the heavy track and she sang her GUTS out, so hard that the microphone distorted when we recorded it. I heard it and made a face. “I sang it too loud! It fuzzed the microphone out! AW DAMN!” “I don’t care. It works. It’s perfect. That little distortion in your voice works... I don’t want to change it!”

“So we’re done?” she asked... looking excited.

“Yea... I’ll mix it later.”

By the time I had finished the words she had jumped on me full force and straddled me on the couch, kneeling over me, her head over mine, her breasts in my face... she pushed them into my face and rocked my head back.

“Whoa! Someone’s all hot and bothered!”

“I like this song! I want to live inside this song... now!”

I stood up with her, holding her legs while she straddled me... and walked her into the bedroom... and tossed her onto the bed... she landed on all fours and crawled

towards me with a look of pure ornery lust, she was smiling, but she could have been bearing her fangs... raised up on her knees and put my hand under her skirt.

“Oh my god.”

“Yea... you do that to me.”

Kari and Sean - Addiction (some more of you) 2010

https://archive.org/download/PsycoMagnetWGuitar/Some%20More%20Of%20You%20w%20guitar.mp3

It was a night we never forgot. It was perfect. We did one of our best songs and had one of our best and sexiest time ever. I was concerned when I didn’t hear from her for over a week after that, though.

My days were filled with daydreams of her and our playful night... our music and the fact that we did great things... and we lived them. This could be a great life. She had the makings of someone I would never get tired of. The way we fit together in so many ways... so perfect. I wondered why she hadn’t called me. But she frustrated me a lot. I tried her, but didn’t get answer.

Finally two weeks later, she called me.

“Hello?”

“Sean?”

“Yea baby. You ok?”

“oooh... well, not exactly.”

“What’s wrong?”

“Well... Tony...”

“oh...?”

“Well... I’m sorry. I meant to call you sooner. Tony was so crazy and intense. I mean... he was so into me. I didn’t know what to do. He just sort of came over and he was being so sweet.”

“Baby... what are you saying?”

“I just never had a guy that intense before. I didn’t know what to do.”

“Yea? So?”

“He brought me flowers and was so sweet. And he would get jealous if I even looked at another guy. I liked it at first, but then it started to scare me. And he just started coming over all the time.”

“Ok”

“He just kind of started staying with me. And I was kind of swept up in the whole thing... and then I kind of felt trapped. But I didn’t know what to do.”

“Are you saying you’re getting serious with him?”

“I thought I was for about five minutes. He was going to put a different guitar part on the song he did and our song was on the computer. He played it. He wanted to know what it was. I told him it was a surprise. Because he saw the date on it.”

“You told him our song was for him?”“I’m sorry, Sean. I didn’t know what to do. He’s so jealous.”

“I see...”

“And then he asked me who did the guitar and the drums and the bass... I told him I programmed it all. And he didn’t believe me.”

“What happened?”

“He beat me. With a baseball bat. And raped me. He kept me captive for about 8 hours and then he beat me again and I got away...”

“OH GOD!”

“I’m ok! I’m OK! My parents came after him with a shotgun. He’s in jail now.”

“You’re ok??”

“oooh... well, not exactly. I had a torn cornea and needed surgery. I had a concussion and other things... but I just got out of the hospital.”

“awww baby!”

“Can you come see me?”

Sure baby. I’ll be over in an hour.

“Thank you, Sean. I’m Sorry...”

“Don’t be sorry... you’re my angel. You’ll be fine. I’ll see you as soon as I can get there”

“OK. Thank you, Sean”

I sped over as quick as I could. She opened the door for me before I got to it. And I hugged her.

“ow”

“Oh! I’m sorry!”

“It’s ok. I’m so glad to see you!”

“I’m glad to see you! Your poor eye!”

Her eye was already partially healed, but showed reddish discolor and was a little misshapen… my heart was beating out of my chest.

“I can’t believe it!”

“It’s ok, Sean. I was stupid for letting it happen.”

“Baby, it’s not your fault!”

“It kind of is. I knew he was a little crazy. I shouldn’t have let it go on so long.”

“Sweety. I’m so sorry”

“It’s ok, Sean! It’s over. I just want to forget it. I’m just glad to see you.”

She was talking very calmly. Like she was trying to ease my worry. “So are you gonna be ok?”

“I’m fine! My eye is a little messed up. I will probably get most of my vision back, but for now, it’s really fuzzy. I ran up to my parents and I scared the shit out of them. I was all covered in blood and screaming… I couldn’t even get the words out but they figured it out. They went down there with shotguns and I thought they were really gonna shoot him! And he turned into this whiny piece of shit… like it was no big deal. They told him to get walking and he was whining that his car was there. And they said they had arranged a ride for him. Then he actually started whining that they called the cops on him! And he was whining like a little kid that the rocks hurt his fucking feet because he didn’t have shoes! MAN… I wanted them to shoot him. I think my dad’s gun had salt shot in it… fuck…”

“Oh baby!!” I sounded like a broken record… but it's all that would come out!

“It’s ok! Come here! I missed you!”

I came to her and held her.

“This was just a dumb mistake, and he’ll be in prison for a long time, they said. I have to testify, but I don’t mind. What an asshole.”

“I can’t believe you’re so casual about all of it.”

“What can I do, Sean? I lived. I should have just told him I wasn’t interested, and broke up. He was such a sweet talker though. And intense. I guess crazy is the word. But let’s not talk about it anymore.” she was looking away and had a little smile on her face, but then her face looked concerned. “Is that a tear?”

“nnoo”… I said a little too defensively.

“aww… are you upset? Why are you upset?”

 “what?? I… hate that this happened… and your poor eye! I guess I’m upset because you’re not!”

“Aww. You are the sweetest guy i’ve ever known. I’m sorry, baby.”

“don’t apologize! God! You make me feel like I’m the girl in this relationship again!”

“well we know that’s not true after last time! I’ve been thinking about the last time you were here so much.”

“Yea... I have too. That was probably our best night so far!”

“It was. Wanna relive it?”

“You mean now?”

“Of course!”

I couldn’t say no or yes... it seemed like a trick question, but she didn’t ask trick questions... I just made a confused noise. I was in protector mode and my brain was secreting hormones that I’d never felt before and I was panting! “Gha... aah... gh... I wouldn’t think you-”

“Sean... it wasn’t all that. I mean, yea, he raped me and beat me, but we were already having sex. I mean... it wasn’t fun! But it wasn’t that kind of trauma that people talk about. He wasn’t a stranger. Let’s just say he was the worst lay ever, and his foreplay SUCKED!”

I couldn’t get rid of the impotent anger and adrenaline and the odd tear that leaked out... I wanted to kick the dudes ass... break something... it was like my organs were boiling with anger and Kari was coming on to me... it was confusing as hell! “Gha... *pant* aagh.... Are you sure?”

“I’m sure. You ok?” she asked quickly without giving me time to answer, as I raised a finger but quickly put it down, “You’ve never hurt me. You’ve never scared me. You’re gentle and you’ve got a huge heart. I know there are evil bastards in the world. I’m not surprised. I kind of go for bad boys for some reason. You, being the exception. I got off lucky. He’s the one that’s gonna get raped now! hahah. You know what they do to rapists in jail?”

“huh... yea.”

“Just be gentle with me. I’m a little sore”

Something like a laugh came out... but it made my eyes wet... but I pushed it back. If she was ok, I could be... but how could I be more traumatized than her??... That's just how it was. Tony got ten years. She showed up and testified in court and went back each parole hearing to make sure he stayed as long as the sentence, but he eventually was released after 8 and did the same thing to another girl two months out of prison. He’s went back and Kari testified again with the girl who he raped the second time and he’s in for a long time now, to this very day and for years to come.

Other than those times she hardly ever mentioned that night. Except on her first birthday with her and I living together.

The first one since the cork came off the LOVE bottle and she had to say it 100 times a day and hear it 100 more... and I was worried sick! Because I had just come back from Colorado, and I was looking for work... I had never been poor in the whole time that I knew her. And this was a fresh start. She was taking care of ME, and I felt so nervous and slightly emasculated... I searched all over for some thoughtful gifts and wrote her a sweet note and card... everything I could do... and still I was horribly upset that it wasn't more... I cooked and cleaned... and when it was all done and we were together she told me it was the best birthday she had ever had. And I thought she was being nice... but she wasn't. She meant it. And I said "really? The best one ever? I was so nervous... I've never been poor before!"

"Sean... you didn't have to get me anything, and this still would have been the best birthday ever. Just to be with you... I love you?"

"Really?" I said quietly... feeling a little misty. And she smiled.

"You're so cute and sensitive... I love that about you!"

I said "Yea... I don't know what's wrong with me. I totally feel like the girl in this relationship! But I guess I never had anything to worry about before. And I do now... the girl I've always wanted.""Sean... you're the manliest man I've ever known. You're brave enough to show you're true feelings. That makes you more man than anyone I've dated".

"Yea... I still think it'll become irritating at some point, having a guy who cries more than you! haha"

"Sean. Look at me"

I looked at her face.

"You see these eyes?"

"Yes"

"Do you think they're pretty?"

"God yes!"

"Well, the one on the left is just for looks. It doesn't work. I still can't see out of it... because I didn't think I was good enough to be with someone like you. If anyone in this world is ready for a wonderful and sensitive man, it's me!"

"Yea... oooh... you're eye!"

She was talking about Tony... the guy who was SO nice at first.

"Don't be upset, Sean... it happened... now I have you. And you won't do that. I never was scared of you."

But she was scared of Tony... the guy who wound up beating her with a bat and raping her... She asked me to come over the night they let her out of the hospital and told me about it as casually as someone might talk about going fishing... she

was a little mad about it... but not upset... not traumatized... but I was. Then she told me how much she missed me and that wanted to be with me, and that surprised me... it was hard to believe, and I was so upset over what she had just told me... and she acted like SHE WASN'T... she was over it and she wanted to make love! But I felt like I wanted to cry! And then I DID! And she asked me why I was crying and I told her "because it's upsetting! It's horrible and SAD and because YOU'RE NOT and somehow that's even more sad!" And so she kissed me and comforted me... and I told her "You're MAKING ME FEEL WORSE! You're comforting me, because I'm upset about what happened to you and I feel like an idiot!" And she hushed me and kissed me again... and she made it ok... it wasn't ok... but... she wanted it to be. She didn't want it to ruin what we had... because that was more important to her. And we made love and somehow THAT was ok... or maybe she never WAS ok... but it came and went... and we hardly talked about it again.

Until that night of her birthday... and she had a point. I would never hurt her. I wouldn't even upset her...

"You make me feel so safe, Sean. Don't be upset... I never was scared of you. I also never felt like I deserved you... but now I know I make you happy and you want to be here, right?"

"Yea... I would marry you tonight!"

"Aww... really?"

"Yea... in fact... let's do it. I know we can't do it legally, because we're both legally still married to other people... but I want to promise you that you have me forever if you want me... Kari? Will you marry me Tonight?"

"Yes, Sean... that's a wonderful idea! I'll never forget this birthday! haha"

And that was the only wedding we ever had, but it was the most important one... the one that we meant and the one that would always be real to us.

She told me it was because her mother was cold and unloving. That she always picked the wrong guys. That they'd all been flawed and abusive. That I was he only one that wasn't... at least the only one that wasn't that she still wanted to be with... and she really wanted to be with me. And so she broke the cycle... or I broke it for her, by just never giving up... But now those same things were happening in other ways... and she was making the same mistakes trying to find a friend... How could she feel so inferior, and be so amazing??

I was blown away by Kari's toughness. Her ability to compartmentalize her pain and trauma. I made soft love to her that night and held her for hours. I wanted to tell her

that I loved her. But I didn't. I never knew if that was what she wanted. I think she knew. She had to. She called me her music man. And I called her my songbird. I wondered what life would bring to us. If she would be ok. If she would love me. If she would let me love her. If she would break my heart. Sometimes I wondered if she even knew what she was doing. But I guess I would be around for whatever she decided. I loved her. There was no denying it. But I wasn't ready to tell her.

We saw each other steadily for a while and it felt nice. We were hanging out one night and she told me another guy had hit on her at the same gas station that she met Tony at. She asked "What is it about me?" "Well, for starters, you're breathing!" "Haha... but seriously?"

"You're very pretty, baby. Your devastatingly pretty. And you have this vulnerability. You're approachable. You're catnip to me. You turned me on the first time I saw you, and that rarely ever happens to me." "So I'm a dude magnet!"

"You're a fucking PSYCHO magnet, apparently!"

"Haha... you're not a psycho!"

"Yea, but how many others were?"

"Yea... pretty much all of them."

"You're just a PSYCHO MAGNET!!" I sung...

She looked at me... hearing what I just heard.

"Are you thinking wh-"

"YES! I just sang it."

We were driving from my house to hers. She had stayed with me the nite before and we were headed back, and hour's trip. By the time we got back to her place we had the lyrics written out and I was playing the beat on the steering wheel as we drove, giving it my interpretation of a techno beat. She programmed some keyboard sounds and we worked out the song structure and a few hours later... another great song that we lived. We did it at her little studio, in the little cottage that she lived in on her folks ranch. And another frenzied night of sex and intensity with my beautiful, sober, talented girl.

It was 2011 now and our lives were growing together. There was no hurry, though. We weren't going anywhere and I didn't want to rush her. Maybe we both had some things to figure out.

But there always was this intensity… when we lived together we realized what it was… that it was an addiction… to each other. That we didn't see each other every day, but that's what we wanted. So when we did see each other, it was such a relief! And soon after, such a release!

But for the moment, a long-ass moment, it didn't seem like a relationship. It felt too intense… it was an ongoing affair, set to our own amazing soundtrack. One that I

was pretty sure the world would know some day. The stories behind everything were real and our lives were nothing short of interesting... if not a little insane. I loved her. She knew that. Surely.

Kari And Sean - Psycho Magnet (2011)

https://archive.org/download/PsycoMagnetWGuitar/Psyco%20Magnet%20w%20guitar.mp3